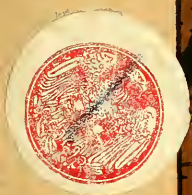


SONGS of MANHATTAN

PS

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1918



MORRIS ABEL BEER



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SONGS OF MANHATTAN

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BY
MORRIS ABEL BEER



THE CORNHILL COMPANY
BOSTON

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1918

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TO THE MEMORY OF MY PARENTS
WHO SHOWED ME
THE STARS ABOVE THE TOWERED CITY
I GRATEFULLY INSCRIBE THIS BOOK OF POEMS

FOR the privilege of reprinting many of the poems in this book, I am greatly indebted to the editors of the following publications :

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, The New York Evening Post, Puck, The International and other magazines and newspapers.

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MANHATTAN

SONGS OF MANHATTAN

MANHATTAN

There's Asia on the avenue,
And Europe in the street,
And Africa goes plodding
Beneath my window-seat.

This is the wondrous city,
Where worlds and nations meet;
Say not romance is napping,
Behold the city street!

WASHINGTON SQUARE

Manhattan, like old Paris, seems to keep
Some dusty cranny for her dreamers gay,
Where in the night these lords of fancy stray,
Conjuring secrets from the world asleep.
Little the city knows where blossoms rhyme,
Nor who the singers of rich golden song;
Far from the ways of fret and din, they throng
Merry in dim-lit garrets steep to climb.

High with the languid clouds and drifting moon,
They catch the whispers of stars white with age,
Stars that have silvered Homer's vagrant shoon
And guided Shakespeare to the inn yard's stage.
Poor be the city where no voices sing,
But only whirring wheels to herald spring!

IN CHINATOWN

It's night-time on the Bowery and the Chinese
 lanterns swing,
To the river breezes laden with the redolence of
 spring.
In the shadows of lithe towers, monstrous domes
 yet leaping fair,
Dream the children of old China, in the city's
 silent lair.

Though time and science magic-wise have wrought
 the world anew,
And seers' and singers' prophecies have blossomed
 to the blue,
Still clad in flowered silken folds that shimmer like
 the sea,
Plods the pallid prince of poppy's vine, contented
 just to be.

Oh, tarry but a little while within this house of
 dreams,
Where clang the painted wind-bells and austere
 Confucius gleams,
And sip with me a bowl of tea beneath some witch-
 ing fan,
On wings enchanted soaring as when the world
 began.

CITY STREETS

There is no spot of country green more beautiful
to me
Than old Manhattan's genial streets, without a
rose or tree,
For people dwell within these streets, with human
hearts like mine.
And toil and dreaming, tears and smiles, are after
all, divine.

The fragrant hills in springtime are pleasant ways
to roam,
But I am always happiest when in my city home,
Where every street is like a scene in some romantic
play,
And every man and woman, child, an actor, —
sad or gay.

I do not envy him who longs for forest, sea and
sail,
From boyhood days, the streets have sung to me
their wonder tale;
It is a tale of people, not a song of stream and dell,
And so I love the city streets, where human beings
dwell.

BOWERY AT DUSK

There are smiling beggars, fools of fate,
In sun and rain who roam
From Cooper Square to the harbor's gate,
And never wander home.

For them the streets are paved with gold
And life with promise sings,
Though river winds bite often cold,
And youth has taken wings.

For a nickel buys a glass of dreams
And a dime an iron bed,
And the lodging house — a heaven gleams
When a hungry man is fed.

FOURTEENTH STREET

Like cheap pearls on a necklace band,
Bright tawdry theatres hang in line;
Shrill, blatant strains by hot winds fanned,
Stir on men's souls like drugged wine.
And ever through the long gay night
Glide painted women, pallid men,
Till Sleep, the outcast, scorned to flight,
Slinks back o'er gleaming roofs again.

ON SPRING STREET

A son of Dante's singing dells vends lemonade
and creams,
In younger days, enthralled of art, he reared a
dome of dreams;
But now before his little shop, pale children dance
with glee,
And he smiles to think, though stars may fall,
how happy men may be.



GREENWICH VILLAGE

Within a dingy shop by lanterns lit,
A dozen men and women idly sit;
One sips cool tea, another lemonade,
And others nibble cakes an artist made:
The thin, pale critic prates of Wells and Shaw,
The nervous blonde discusses peace and law;
A poetess of smug complacence blows
Tobacco rings a-whirl with artful pose;
A pudgy playwright talks of play he's done,
A painted ancient spinster flings a pun;
And so night rolls with epigram and shout
Till one by one the candles flicker out.

Great God! To see these dreamers jest and play,
While soldiers bleed for us in France today!

OLD CHINA

Hop Wah, the genial Chinaman with steaming
 iron sings,
His heart is light because his little laundry shop
 takes wings,
And sailing o'er the silver skies, like birds in sum-
 mer time,
Through dreaming lanterned dells he strays as
 Bowery belfries chime.

TO DREAM IS WELL

“Wine and whiskey, ale and rum,
Bottles of dreams for the years to come.”
This is the tune that the beggars hum,
From Battery Park to Cooper Square,
When the rain beats hard and the days are fair,
When the summer’s green and the winter’s bare.

Oh, the tune is merry, the tale is old,
And the bar-rooms ring with a beggar’s gold,
For a beggar’s blessings are manifold.
No kin has he to love and tell
Of the stinging lash of a living hell;
And so he sings. *To dream is well.*

EAST OF BROADWAY

TO MYRA KELLY

O singing sister of the Ghetto's pales,
No more through squalid streets thy footsteps
trace,
To mark in simple, unromantic tales,
The tears and laughter of a trodden race.

EAST OF BROADWAY

Have you, son of old Manhattan,
Pierced the city's crannies through,
Marked the haunts of swart Sicilian,
Turbaned Turk and bearded Jew?

Where the lanterns of the Bowery,
Nod in token of Cathay,
Have you ever joyed and sweated
With these kings of yesterday?

Lords of Rome and Priests of Zion,
Peking's princes, vending all —
Baubles, fruit; O Nile and Tiber,
Thou hast seen the mighty fall.

Promised Land, Manhattan's bosom,
How they hover to her heart;
Never bloomed the Sultan's garden,
As the winding golden mart.

Bright the cross, the star, the crescent,
Gleam above the Ghetto's gates,
Strangely met, the barks of æons
Driven on by kindred fates.

Where these motley aliens mingle,
Life with tears and madness steams;
Huddled, yet they sing and labor
In their whirring hive of dreams.

For the Mistress of the Harbor,
Smiling beckoned them advance,
And their squalid alleys glisten
With the magic of Romance.

IN THE GHETTO

How sad, yet hopeful is your smile,
 O tear-stained stranger of the mart.
From what bleak kingdom fled you while
 Of this fair land you dreamed? The cart
Beside you is your only friend,
 For you have known men's faithless ways;
The oranges that here you vend
 Are the fragrant dreams of yesterdays.

The years have fashioned on your face,
 Deep lines of cunning, and of guile;
But patient, like your ancient race,
 Enslaved beside the templed Nile,
You bear the yoke of silent scorn
 For them that jeer in mockery
At your strange garb and customs born
 Of that far distant monarchy.

And yet you have not built in vain
 Your fallen castles wrought of clay;
The faded rose shall bloom again,
 And racks of darkness roll away;
For learning's torch your path shall light;
 Your future children yet unborn
Shall lift the mantle of the night,
 And hail tomorrow's singing morn.

DELANCEY STREET

Up and down the streets they trod,
Bearded schnorrers blessing God,
For clinking coins and silken shine,
Sabbath loaves and hallowed wine.

Chanting solemn old-world strains,
Slowly as the sunset wanes,
Withered branches of the Vine,
Nursed in ancient Palestine.

In whirling rain and lashing snow,
Still they wander to and fro,
Plying in the Ghetto's pales,
Dreaming on of Zion's vales —

MOSES

Behold the hoary patriarch on Grand Street, not a
whim
Nor idle pleasantry of mine, it's Moses — look at
him;
From Sinai's mount he brought the law in ages
long ago,
And now he traffics candles here to keep the world
aglow.

GHETTO DREAMS

They are playing in the gutters,
Jew and Gentile, boy and girl,
And each syllable he utters,
Sends her little heart in flutters,
Brain a-whirl.

Oh, the time when he an earl,
And a princess she will be,
And he kissed the golden curl
Of the tiny blue-eyed girl
Fair to see.

Like the penny fairy tales,
They will wed in distant days;
Oh, a brave knight never fails,
From the old enchanted vales
Never strays.

And the princess in the tower
Will let down her golden hair,
And he will bring a flower,
Climb unto her ivied-bower,
Love ensnare.

But a witch whose soul is creed,
In the Ghetto reared a wall,
And in vain the lovers plead,
She has smote in twain the reed,
Stolen all.

Oh, the blighted childhood dreams,
And the painted tales they read,
What a bitter cup life seems,
For the sunshine never gleams,
All is dead.

CHRISTMAS IN THE GHETTO

There are two houses not so far apart,
Wherein play joyous children, glad of heart;
In one the rood, and Judah's star the other,
Yet, in both homes, God walks a smiling brother.

How strange that men should different roadways
find

To reach the dwelling of the Over-Mind;
For here the Christmas pine 'mid song and glee,
And there sweet calm where Sabbath tapers be.

THE MAGICIAN'S HOUSE

THE MAGICIAN'S HOUSE

*Dedicated to the Central Building of The New York
Public Library*

This is a house of magic marble walls,
Wherein are thousand little doors ajar,
But pass one threshold whither fancy calls,
And thou art lost in witching caves afar.
Forgetful of the patient sun that crawls
Across the blue, the friendly guarding star,
Thou dost not heed the thunder as it falls,
Rapt wandering where myriad wonders are.

For thou dost rove where Shakespeare's children
dwell,
And Milton's symphonies majestic ring,
In smoking Troy and Dante's frozen hell,
And where Joan rides to Schiller's martial
string.
Visions of gold are thine who enter here —
This magic house of conjurer and seer.

BEFORE THE GATES

Wistful stood he before the temple's gates,
A youth whose eyes reflected heaven's blue;
So young and yet the plaything of the fates,
By race a Jew.

And as he gazed upon the gilded star,
That swam in silver light above the street,
He heard "Te Deum" winging from afar,
In strains most sweet.

Long have I listened to these holy bells
That ring the triumph of the Nazarene,
For in my heart a ceaseless longing wells
For God's demesne.

"Forgive my people, Lord of Truth and Right,
If they in blindness passed the Infant's cot
On that divine, resplendent winter's night
And knew Him not.

"Thy benisons how gladly would I win —
There gleams the cross and yonder calls the
star,
I know not now which gate to enter in,
Both stand ajar."

THE SOUL OF THE PHONOGRAPH

(On finding a record, A.D. 3000, near the sea)

O magic disc of wax, on whose black breast
Science has graven wondrous marks and deep,
Awake the living songs that silent sleep
Within thy placid, glossy bosom, lest
Thy fragile shell-like form should age-worn break,
 Fllinging the songs unto the winds and sea;
The singers who have perished live in thee
Immortal; with the Lords of Art they take
Their hallowed places in the sacred hall
 Upon the hill of years which men call Fame;
And where is kept alight the brilliant flame
Of genius; there the singers musical
Will dwell through thy strange chiselled form.
 O toy of man under these gray skies bleak,
 Open thy dumb invisible lips and speak
And sing, though toss the waves and rage the
 storm.

Then from this mute creation rose a cry
 Unto the singing of some doleful bird,
 Waiting her mate's return; entranced I heard
The tragic wail of Madame Butterfly,
And through Japan, the isles of fantasy,

With her the geisha girl of faith and tears
I wandered, while the weary days and years
Crept onward, spider-like but patiently,
Upon the hillock gazing out at sea.
She dreaming sat, by winds consoling fanned,
Of beautiful America, the land
Where her heart's love was, where she soon would
be —

But lo! the scenes grow dimmer — disappear;
And from the whirling wheel weird strains arise,
“The Twilight of the Gods;” before me lies
Great Wagner's magic land of the Valkyr.
O'er Cafe Momus midnight steals; the cries
Of gay Bohemians, revelry and mirth —
Ah! little dream they of the winter's dearth,
And Mimi in the squalid garret dies —
And through the mist to music soft and sweet
These visions rise; Aïda, William Tell,
And Faust's companion from the flaming dell,
Thy unseen foe, O lovely Marguerite!

And on and on, into the long, deep night
These myriad creations pass in flight;
And leading them, with hands of guidance strong,
In solemn state walk forth the Lords of Song.

The mists rise from the sea, the ocean's roar,
Alone the music of the wave-washed shore;
But I have guessed thy secret, witch of song,
Who cast thy spell on me these hours long,
For in thy bosom lurk the souls that bring
Their scented flowers from the choral Spring,
When they, too, wandered on life's verdant lea
And gave their God-inspired songs to thee!

Caruso, Melba, Eames, Journet, Farrar,
Eternal are your voices as the star
That glimmers in the firmament tonight,
For when these mortal singers pass away,
Unto posterity a treasure bright,
Their golden legacies behind them stay!

THE MIMIC LIFE

Withered and old, she gazed into a glass,
 This woman of the stage, now bent and gray,
 The fallen idol of a yesterday;
And from her shrunken features seemed to pass
Strange wondrous shapes, women that she had
 been,
When she had reigned as drama's favored queen.

“Too soon the footlights' splendors fade away,
 Alike fame's crown of roses red grows sere;
 The mimic joys and smiles, too, disappear,
When life's great curtain falls some later day.
Alas! These women's lives I've lived and die,
Not having lived my own — a gilded lie.

For I have been Viola, Juliet,
 Ophelia, Monna Vanna, Marguerite,
 Zaza and Hedda Gabler. Ah! how sweet
These hours of love and sin were, when I met
These creatures strange. Too many days and
 nights
I led their lives before these blazing lights.

But now, O Lord, for whose life must I pay,
When like a moth have fluttered, helpless,
weak?

What woman's virtues or misdeeds shall speak
In favor or against me Judgment-day?
Shall I be judged for Zaza's shameless sins,
Or for Ophelia's love, that pity wins?"

THE STREET
OF
HAPPY CHILDREN

TO LONGFELLOW

True, thou art but the shepherd in the vale,
Beloved by simple hearts, who gladly hear
Thy madrigals so clover-sweet and clear,
And like the piper in the fairy tale,
The children follow thy melodic trail,
The while their wiser elders pause to sneer.

Yet rather be the piper playing well,
The master minstrel of the village street,
Than courtly bard, with nobles at thy feet,
Fashioning song unto an empty shell.
The children dancing in thy rustic spell,
Enchanted gaze where life and magic meet.

THE GREAT BLUE HOUSE

The great blue house above our street seems such
a pleasant place,
With the little silver windows and the screens of
richest lace,
And oft when I am lonely, I wish that I could see
The gentleman who lives above and always
watches me.

Some say he's old and weary having so much work
to do,
But I surmise he's handsome as his house with
rafters blue;
And some cool summer evening when the moon's
white rope hangs low,
I'll climb and climb until I reach his great blue
house aglow.

A BALLAD OF STRATFORD TOWN

TO BRANDER MATTHEWS

With jester's bells and raiment gay,
Along the road to Stratford Town,
Green nodding leaves alive with May,
The merry men came dancing down.

"Ah, children, soon we shall unfold
Of Mister Punch, the mad career,
A jester quite, both fell and bold,
In England all without a peer."

Will Shakespeare sauntered slowly home,
He had not conned his lessons well;
No wonder that he sought to roam
That afternoon through Avon's dell!

And when he heard the showmen's cries,
All thoughts of learning straightway fled,
Yet wishing still he had been wise,
And not a simpleton instead.

"To school at noon thou must return."
It was the master's stern command;
How bootless now for joys to yearn,
Though quip and shout on every hand.

As o'er his Greek, Will dully pored,
He heard shrill laughter from the knoll,
And with his conscience fiercely warred,
Until at length he forthward stole.

The wizen master from his stool,
Beheld Will Shakespeare's vacant place
And hieing from the sombre school
Caught up to Will's fleet steps apace.

Tugging, Will pleaded all in vain,
A captive to the schoolhouse led;
No more of Punch he thought again,
But to the fount of knowledge sped.

Slowly the hours crept away,
And dimmer waned the genial sun;
Will labored through that fair-hued day,
Until his task was duly done.

No laughter echoed now from far,
The painted puppets long were still,
Will saw the rising evening star,
And there below — the lonely hill.

Dim twilight fell o'er Stratford Town,
Where Punch has gibed and rudely pranced,
And parried with the motley clown,
Will's thoughts in wild confusion danced.

With smile benign, among the leaves,
The sleeping boy beheld the moon;
What magic dreams the moonlight weaves,
What melody the marshes croon!

The winding lanes of Stratford through
John Shakespeare strode with lamp and gun,
All night until the morning dew,
A-calling for his errant son.

At dawning when the wildwoods sing,
Hard by where Avon languid streams,
Asleep like an enchanted king,
John Shakespeare found the boy of dreams.

Will trembling sobbed, "O father, chide
Me not for wandering afar,
I've ridden o'er the world so wide,
On silver wings of cloud and star.

'Twas silly Punch, the while he played,
Weird sleepy tunes who led my hand,
From this green knoll deep in the shade,
The moon beyond to fairyland."

"O Will," John Shakespeare sorely sighed,
"Fond boy, a man thou soon shalt be;
And now to prate of puppets pied,
How can I vision hopes for thee?"

A dreamer in this golden age,
Ah, Will, for shame, thy master's wise;
Thou art a hapless bird, whose cage
Hath been forsaken for the skies."

The magic towers childhood rears,
His mother's eyes discerning knew,
But old John shook his head with fears,
"What can a moonstruck dreamer do?"

Eftsoon the trail to London's gate,
Went singing forth a blithesome lad,
To share a strolling player's fate,
And make a world with music glad.

The years are slipping by — ah, see
The merry clinking Mermaid Inn,
And there, Will Shakespeare, thirty-three,
A king of dreamers in the din!

A king of dreamers hail and boon,
Of song, a Titan, strong and sweet,
Who heard the whispers of the moon,
And stars above the steepled street.

No more the seas the captains plough,
In quest of land and yellow earth,
The dreams of him alone live now,
Whom Stratford deemed of little worth.

O London streets and Stratford lane,
Where oft his boyish footsteps trod,
A toast to Punch — long may he reign,
Who led the dreamer Will, to God!

A STAR

Would God had made me like a star,
A-singing in His courts afar.

A star to gleam when seas are dark,
To guide a tossing fragile bark.

A star to beckon o'er the land,
Like some kind elder brother's hand.

A little star — a silver toy,
To us earth children, bringing joy.

THE STEED OF PAUL REVERE

Yes, Bobby, the steed that you admire
In yonder stable, stalwart, fine,
Haughty head and heart of fire,
Champing bit and flashing eyne,
Is some brother of the stallion
That one April evening bore
Past the British taut battalion,
Paul Revere from Charlestown shore.

Up the Medford road there thundered
Hoof-beats conscious and aflame,
Startled moonlit hamlets wondered
Whence the mystic rider came,
Onward, onward, riding faster,
Flew the steed that heard the call,
“Wake, O sleepers, ere disaster
On your peaceful dwellings fall.”

And the verses of that deathless ride,
That win a hero golden meed,
Of nameless horse that breathless plied,
Naught tell. Poor recompense, indeed!
True, men, who dare, deserve the palm,
Yet steeds the fates of kings have swung,
And they that serve in strife and calm
Are also worthy to be sung!

SPRING CALLS

IN APRIL

O golden child, whom heaven planned
As perfect as a regal rose,
Smile not because I hold thy hand,
And snatch the dreams that youth bestows.

I, too, am young in springtime's spell,
For winter fades with April's bliss,
Nor startle if perchance I tell
That fragrant lips were made to kiss.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Before me glows a golden flower —
A slender lighthouse by the sea,
Making the dreamful midnight hour
More wonderful to me.

The languid petals of the moon
The silver roses of the skies,
Blithe dancing buttercups in June,
Or whirling fireflies,

Are not so beautiful, so frail,
As the yellow blossom of the night,
That lifts its head above the gale
And to the blind gives light; —

A single bloom of barren sands,
For ships, like bees, to gather sweet
When darkness spreads about the lands
And sea, with pinions fleet.

If I could sing one song that shines
As that old lamp aglow up there,
Not Shakespeare's torch nor Shelley's lines
Would seem to me so fair.

DOES GOD SMILE?

Does God smile? I wonder, —
 More blue are skies than gray,
 And lightning-spear and thunder
 Are seldom guests of day.

Does God smile? I listen
 To dawn's eternal song,
 And know when flowers glisten
 That God forgives a wrong.

THOUGHTS ARE THINGS

Thoughts are things, the sages say,
Seeds of magic hue;
When the cornerstone we lay,
Steeple pierce the blue.

Never boughs with blossoms fraught,
Piled the harvest wain,
Were not castles subtly wrought,
In the teeming brain?

All the world is mind, I wis,
Flowers none are wild;
Blossoms from a dream-sown kiss,
A wondrous blue-eyed child!

RETURN

On purple pinions I have spanned
The seas of infinite delight,
But welcome now at hail of land
The silver-cool embrace of night.

For as a bird I wandered far
Beyond the rim where beacons gleam,
But meeting with a drunken star,
I madly flutter home to dream.

SONG IN THE NIGHT

I like to think that all is well,
When darkness falls and shadows peer,
That heaven's all and naught is hell,
And love is stronger far than fear.

That never fades the mellow rose,
Nor dims the smiling blue of sky,
But, as time passes, beauty grows,
And youth and springtime never die.

Ah well, the bitter cup I see,
Yet still I sing of leaf and star;
For when dreams are wings and the heart is free,
The gates of promise swing ajar!

FAME

Long had I knocked at fame's far gate in vain,
And stood a beggar in the wailing rain.

Yet when I took the leaping hills to town,
I looked above and saw fame smiling down.

LOVE

Love's not a skull by faded laurels crowned,
A precious pearl, the pageant of an hour,
Nor yet the crimson lips in woman found,
The perfect petals of an April flower.

Nor Love is fragrant rain nor silver snow,
Vanishing as the winds that wander free;
Love is a gleam — wouldst thou the secret know,
A shining star above a gnashing sea.

BROKEN DREAMS

Why should I cling to my broken dreams,
Tears, and the bitter, starless night,
The empty house on the lonely road,
Whence love so long ago took flight?

Why should I cling to those fragrant hours,
Like withered rose-leaves, faint and old,
When spring is singing again to me
From laughing hills of green and gold?

I cannot tell what makes me turn
From April's voice to dreams long dead;
But still I seek to nurse the wound,
Whose pain but brings me tears instead.

I FOUND A BEGGAR STARVING

I found a beggar starving
In the windy street one night;
A crescent moon swung overhead
And houses twinkled bright.

A music fluttered to the moon,
The houses seemed to sway;
I heard the whirl of dancing feet
And laughter of the gay.

I found a beggar starving,
He was a guest — he said,
But from the feast rose pallid
Like the faint moon overhead.

“Your eyes” — I said, “stare madly
Your lips with cold are mute;
How can it be you hunger
In the street of wine and fruit?”

The beggar spoke — “You wonder
I starve with meat and drink,
While goodly bowls are steaming
And brimming glasses clink.

Gold cannot feed my visions
Nor quench my thirst of dreams,
For I am one of millions
Who starve where living teems.

A star is rich with fire,
How lone it crawls above —
Just like a beggar starving
Who hungers after love!”

LOVE MAKES MEN POETS

Love makes men poets for a fleeting hour,
When fragrant kisses fall like summer rain
On fields of drouth where never silver flower
Blossoms or golden grain.

Then men forget the world of common things,
For only poets see the stars by day;
And laughing at the petty state of kings,
They dance with life away.

MANHATTAN WAVES
TO FRANCE

WASHINGTON

What power in a placid lilled pool,
 Glassing the homeward bird and swaying pine,
When the sun slow-sinking hails the timid stars,
 Whose silver torches glimmer faint and fine!

How sweet the quiet of the nodding hills,
 When God from flowered jars pours blessed
 balm!
And straying woodward where the owlet dreams,
 I thought of thee, Virginian, staunch and calm.

Like noisy prattling of a heedless child,
 The blatant rills leap shouting through the
 dells,
But the chanting of the distant purple glen
 And velvet tarn at dusk more richly wells.

Not flashing words but glowing deeds were thine;
 Mighty as nature's wall of tranquil green,
Thou, striving upward in the dark and dawn,
 Beheld afar the light of skies serene.

LINCOLN

Not like a flower, spreading for a day;
But like a tree-top mingling with the skies;
Time sends thee farther from our world of clay
To star-ringed gardens where the eagle flies.

BROTHER OF DREAMS

Last night I said goodbye to him —
Wearily now I walk alone,
And the stars that laughed last night are dim,
And the moon is a pallid face of stone;
But the face of him can never fade,
Whom God as a holy flower made,
And tossed from His angel throne.

We dwelt as boys on the hills of dreams.
And played where the magical moonbeams fell
Conjuring castles out of gleams
Caught from the stars we loved so well.
But the noble towers in ruins lie,
For the night is dark with a silent sky,
Like a broken, empty shell.

His was the torch that lit for me
The singing roads of yesterdays,
Where every poet is a tree,
That blossoms where the pilgrim strays.
The master voices, at his nod,
Sang to us wondrous tales of God,
And man of the winding ways.

But he is gone to fight in France,
 Still singing as in days gone by;
Leaving his books of old romance
 To keep the stars of freedom high.
Brother of dreams, I send a prayer
Across the waves to you watching there —
 Will the sea-winds bring reply?

THE MOON

Here tonight, and there tomorrow,
What a tragic smile you wear,
Seeking lands of light and sorrow
With your mystic silver stare!

Here with life and summer's breath,
Where happy children dream romance;
And there with strife and red-winged death—
I wonder if you smile in France!

HE WENT AWAY WITH SPRING

My golden boy of dreams has gone to France.

He went away when birds return to sing,
When rife with gifts of beauty and romance,
Came gracious, laughing Spring.

My wistful little boy is over there.

In fragrant lilac time he went away,
When life was wonderfully sweet and fair,
And meadows danced with May.

My playful blue-eyed boy has gone to fight.

He sailed for France when birds return to sing;
But when he waved good-bye, the birds took
flight —

He went away with Spring.

THE LIGHTS OF OLD MANHATTAN

The lights of old Manhattan shall always shine
for me,
When night unfolds her jeweled skies in lands be-
yond the sea;
For though the bugle's urgent call should lead
my steps afar,
In fancy I shall always see Manhattan as a star.

THE BUGLE CALLS

It's time to put our books away,
It's time to cease our dance and play;
For he who strives to be a man
Must don today the blue or tan.

It's time to pass fond pleasure by,
If we would keep our flag on high;
For every one must fight who can,
With sword or gun, in blue or tan.

It's time to right the awful wrong
With marching millions, iron-strong,
With ships that mighty oceans span, —
For all of us, the blue or tan!

FIFTH AVENUE

The memory of the day we marched away still
 brightly glows,
We see again the cheering throngs, the flags in
 serried rows;
The stirring tunes you thrilled us with, your
 mighty speeding prayer
Will give us strength to conquer when we're fight-
 ing "Over There."

I CARRY YOU IN DREAMS AWAY

I carry you in dreams away, Manhattan of my
heart,
To lands beyond the rainbow's end, where earth
is torn apart;
For who has loved the city's ways, but sighs to
bid adieu
To Broadway's gay, enchanting gleams and fair
Fifth Avenue.





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